Treves Endt.

SOC. ANTIQVA. LOND.

THE FVNERALL OF THE NETHERLANDS PEACE.

A KNowe ye who's lately dead & gone,
And shortly must in graue be laid? (ne
These Bells of Hell shal make it know
With thundring noise: it shalbe said
And certified, that NETHERLAND
Her 12 yeares TRUCE hath laid in sand.

B This TRUCE the friend of Triple Crowne
Her life she lost in Aprill last,
Her Buriall now must be made knowne
To all her Friends, that they in hast
May come with grief, & grone to see,
This trustie friend thus buried bee.

Tis meete shee should in solemne sort
Haue them to grace her funerall,
Who haue experience (by report)
Of much good seruice done them all:
For hearts & hands shee held in bands
Off people free in Netherlands.

C Her Friends, her heires, that haue & hold
Her goods, her lands that them the gaue
By Testament, as it is enrolld,
These must attend about the graue.
We place them there, because most right
They haue, to grieue to see this sight.

Let them approach with hatts in hand,
And with their Teares their faces stayne,
Gnashing their teeth, & wayling stand
Til all be done, let them remayne
Lamenting such a freinds as this,
That all to soone departed is.

D The Children twayne she left behinde,
Let them goe next vnto the Corse,
That wee a fitting tyme may synde,
In graue to thrust them both perforce,
Whilst for their Mother there they cry
With her in grave they both may lye.

So with the mother these two Babes,
Bad trading and *Civill discord*,
May end their dayes; & we our trades
Regayne & lovingly accord:
Which once obtayned may never cease,
Till it hath crouwnid the land with peace.

E You Lords that liue in frontier Townes
With hooked Miters on your Crownes,
With sharpe heads crookes & coslly gownes,
Which plucke the fleece & starue poore clowns
Come beare a parte, now mourne you must,
To see your Patron laid in dust. (drones,

F Preists, Fryers & Monckes, dumbe doggs and
Keep home and lurke within your cells,
Least foul deeds fall vpon your bones:
But first bring banners beads and bells,
With all the trickes you can deuise
This funerall to solempnize

G You that Rogation weeke doe keepe,
And other tymes processions hold,
With Saints on shoulders, nowe come weepe
You may no longer be so bold.
Such saints, will souldiers hold impure
Such holy workes they'l no: endure,

H Burgers of HEUSDEN and the BUSSE
That border on the Guyse townes neare
Tread on: for each of you and vs
Hence forth by force our armes must beare,
For feare of those that steale and catch
We day and night must keep good watch.

I Fatte Clouwnes that in the countrye dwell,
That dayly trudge through thick and thynne
Whey, butter, cheese, and milke to sell,
Good liquor for your gutts to winne,
That swallowe down stealinge th'impost,
Of wine and beere which yee drincke most.

The victailes which your selves should eate
For hungry souldiours shalbe meate:
What you have sowen others shall reape,
Both goods and gilt earnd by your sweate:
Bring TRUCE to grave, to Cityes creep
Where you from warres may safely keep.

K Ye pilgrims with your staves and coates,
Come helpe to lay her vnder ground;
Her death bewayle with mourncfull notes,
That was your best protector found,
In keeping those from you away
Which fayne would have your Mantels graye.

L Lamefeeming rogues, and beggers bold,
That halting begg, yet sound can steale,
Prepare your selves, now be foretold
To packe out of this Comon weale:
For Mars his men will hang the rout
That want a passe, yet walke about.

But ere you goe TRUCE doth require,
That with your presence you her grace:
It els would make men much admire,
When see they should your empty place:
Your ordre keep least men forgett,
Where all the conners should be sett.

All ye whom it concerneth most,
By mourning make your love appeare:
So shall her freinds have cause to boast,
That many such have lov'd her deare,
And you again shalbe belov'd
As freinds should be that are approv'd.

M Now furthermore that men may have,
The hidden secretts of the Masse,
Therfore is sett vpon the grave,
Wherfore the TRUCE ordeyned was:
Engraven tis vpon her tombe,
A record for the tymes to come.

N Mars he his implements prepares,
And neatly getts on bootes and spurres:
He knowing best what fits the warres,
Wilt not delay nor make demurres:
But summons all with sound of drumme,
Forwarning men heel shortly come.

O The armes of TRUCE is marking worth,
Which caried is upon her corse,
She beares the beast that still goes forth,
By craft deceaving, not by force,
Seeke peace, not warre: yet warre we must,
When peace deceaves, and proves unjust.

The signification of the Alphabet.

A The Canons.	*Townes.*
B The Corse.	*I The Boores or Countryman.*
C Her Minions.	*K Pilgrymes.*
D Her Children.	*L Rogues and Beggers.*
E Bishops.	*M The grave and Monument.*
F Preests Monckes, Fryers.	*N Mars.*
G Procquieners.	*O The Armes of Trucc.*
H Burgers of the bordering	

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